

46 FABLES in VERSE.

He left th' untasted brook behind,
And swiftly flew before the wind,
But, pressing through a brake of thorns,
The boughs fast held him by the horns,
Where, till the hounds came up, he hung,
And like a dying swan thus sung:
Unhappy me! how great the blunder
Not to know friend and foe afunder!
I trusted to my head, but oh!
My horns have prov'd my overthrow,
And at my legs was wont to scoff,
Which but for them had brought me off.

M O R A L.

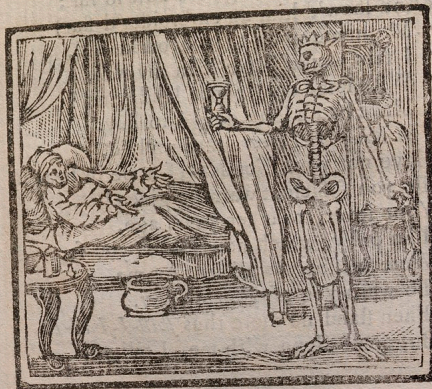
Well taught the good *Athenian* sage,
To fly the paths of woe,
Who said in his instructive page,
“Take care thyself to know.”

R E F L E C T I O N.

Fools in their own opinion wise
Some things o'er-rate, and some despise;
And judging with a partial eye,
Invite the snare from which they fly.

D E A T H

FABLES in VERSE. 47



D E A T H and the SICK MAN.

AS Time to me the story told,
Death kindly call'd on Sir *John Old*,
And bid him come without delay
To see his grave that very day.
To whom Sir *John*—not over-pleas'd
To be (and thus abruptly) seiz'd;

“Dear